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party among the mountains of Tralee. The Earl died in exile at Rouen, in Normandy, and his body was interred in a Convent of Friars preachers in Paris, where his funeral, it is said, had the honour of being attended by the king of England.

THE CURSE OF DESMOND.

"That I've loved thee, my Kathleen, how well may I
"boast,
"For that love, a home, country and friends, I have lost;
"I have lost for that love, a proud Earl's domain—
"But oh! thus I'd lose all—again, and again!

"That I've suffered, I care not—thou know'st that to me,
"No grief would be bitter, save parting with thee;
"But yet for the wrongs that our sons will sustain,
"A deep deadly curse on my foes shall remain.

"May the pride that has blasted us, still be their own,
"Make them hated while living—unwept for when gone:
"May the glory they covet, be but as a breath—
"And their valour but lead them to ruin and death!"

Thus spoke Desmond's Earl—and sad was the day
When he died—from the green isle he loved far away:
On his kindred lay heavy the curse that he gave;
Till the last of the Geraldines sunk in the grave!

P.

ENTRY OF JAMES II. INTO DUBLIN.

It was on the 24th day of March, 1689, that James Stuart, the seventh of that ill-fated name who held the sceptre of Scotland, and the second who ruled England and Ireland, made his triumphal entry into the ancient city of Dublin.

Ireland had not seen a king of England on her shores since the days of John, and the one who now appeared, came, not on a visit of state, or merely to receive the homage due to his dignity, but to contest in arms, with his rival, this the only part of his dominions which had adhered to him. For though the valour of the viscount of Dundee, the enthusiasm of such Highland clans as followed him to the field, and some troops dispatched by Tyrconnel from Ireland, served to make a considerable diversion in favour of James, still it was evident that the majority of the people of Scotland were favourable to the revolution.

Every effort had been made by the leaders of the jacobite party, now the ruling one in Ireland, to give an imposing air to the entrance of their unhappy sovereign, into the only capital, which still hailed him as her king. The entire of the way leading from the place where exiled Royalty first came within the city, to the castle, was lined with soldiers; the streets themselves were newly sanded for the occasion; the balconies of the citizens were hung with tapestry and cloth of arras, and filled with all the loveliness and grace of a town, which, for female beauty, in comparison to its extent, has always, stood unrivalled.

In a carriage preceding the king, bearing the sword of state, sat Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel; James himself, mounted on a gallant charger, wearing the decorations of the garter, with the Earl of Granard, and Lord Powis on his right, and the Duke of Berwick, and Lord Mellort on his left, advanced amid the plaudits of the multitude.

On approaching that part of the town, called then, as it is now, the Liberty, a silken canopy was erected over the way, and here by far the most interesting part of the pageant appeared. Forty young and beautiful maidens, selected from the different convents in Dublin, clad in white silk, and bearing baskets filled with flowers in their hands, joined the procession; and walking immediately before His Majesty, strewed the contents of their baskets on his path, the rest of the way to the castle. The

bands of the different regiments played the well-known jacobite tune, of "the king shall have his own again," while the people rent the air with shouts of God save the King, long live King James.

M. B.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DEITY.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."
"Why hidest thou thy face from me?"—*Psalms.*

Tell me, ye seas that boundless roll,

Ye ocean caves profound:

Hold ye creation's mighty soul,

A captive, prison-bound?

Are ye the dread abode

Of Him, the present God?

Hoarse murmured ocean's heaving breast,

He dwells not in our crystal caves—

He walks not on our pathless waves:

For Him they flow, for Him they rest:

His there are, and are to be,

Till Time o'ertake Eternity!"

Tell me, thou fiercely rushing wind,

Ye cloudy halls on high;

Hold ye creation's sovereign mind,

A captive in the sky?

Sits He in your dark abode,

The thunder-crowned God.

Lo! spake the voices of the storm—

"No home hath here creation's King!

He rides the wind on fiercer wing

The thunders flee His dread right arm:

For Him they speak—for Him are still;

They own and work the Godhead's will!"

Answer me, thou, life-teeming Earth,

And ye bright worlds above;

Who sang creation's dawning birth—

Hold ye the Lord of light and love:

And are your burning rays,

His glory's shadowed blaze?

Forth shouted Earth, forth sang each star,

"Not here the great Jehovah's throne—

Not here abides the Mighty One!

We sing his praise from pole to pole,

But hold not here creation's soul."

Mysterious Power! unconfined

By earth or heaven's decree:

Ah! how may mortals, frail and blind,

Uplift their hope to thee?

Thick darkness robes thee round,

Where may'st thou, Lord, be found?

Then answered He the unseen mind—

"Go, mortal! span infinitude,

Or grasp the sun-beams blazing flood:

God! stay the seas, or chain the wind,

They own they work their Maker's will:

Repent, adore, and be thou still!"

K. S. R.

LIFE LIKENESSES.

I stood and eyed a rushing stream

Speeding, like some uncertain dream,

Away, we know not where;

I mark'd gay foam-bells start in pride,

And glittering across it glide—

Light things of faithless air!

A breath play'd o'er the streamlet's face,

They perish'd in their whirling race.

Deep in a shaded mossy dell

A fountain rose with gentle swell,

Translucent and serene;

Silent o'er its tranquility

I bent—a face smiled back on me,

Where care had seldom been;

Peace smoothed its youthful brow, its eye

Beamed meekly with untroubled joy.

I thought on my own days of youth,

When mine were innocence and truth,

And hopes around me smiled;

I sigh'd—the fountain-mirror shook,

And changed was that bright vision's look,

Its features writhed and wild;

By turns grief, misery, despair,

Dark'ning like autumn-clouds, were there.

I stood upon the ocean's shore,

Waveless it lay—hush'd was its roar—

As some fair child may be,

When the faint feeling of a dream

Spreads o'er its cheek a smiling gleam—

So slept that silent sea:

The storm-voice on its slumbers broke,

The wild, the terrible, awoke.

'Twas midnight; on the deep blue sky
I gazed—no cloud-speck met mine eye

Veiling the feeblest star;

Queen-like, amid her radiant train,

The bright moon o'er her wide domain

Was journeying afar;

But tempest gloom came rolling forth,

Black, bursting from the turbid North.

And such is Life's strange fitful dream—

A foam-bell on a rustling stream,

A fountain's placid form;

The calm smile of the teach'ing sea,

The night-heaven's still solemnity

Ere wakes the maddening storm:

Hope's meteor lures, bursts, leaves our path,

Beset with fears, and woes, and death!

W. M. HETHERINGTON.

THE LAUREL WREATH.

Let wayward lovers fret and pine,

And brittle vows of fondness breathe;

A nobler, purer love is mine—

I languish for a laurel wreath.

When youth and strength have pass'd away,

And rusts the sword within its sheath,

'Tis soothing to recall the day

That crown'd us with a laurel wreath.

Long have I sought, by flood and field,

A chaplet for this scar-seam'd brow;

I toil in vain—my drifted shield

And wounds are all my trophies now:

Yet when I fall, write o'er my grave,

A Roman noble rests beneath;

His life was spent amidst the brave—

He lost it for—a laurel wreath!

THE LATTICE.

I loved to pass the lattice where,

There rose young voices on the air;

And three fair sisters went to be,

Whose glad light laugh, and minstrelsy,—

And playful smiles, and braided hair—

Told of young hearts untouched by care.

There was one with brow as purely pale,

As the lily flower, which loves the vale;

But is sought and culled, when the radiant rose,

In its far seen bowers unheeded shows:

Her's was a calm, and quiet smile,

Befitting maid of western isle,

Rosalie's was the cheek of rose,

The eye that flashes, lip that glows—

The bright and beaming witchery

Which once seen, haunts the memory.

The youngest had a dove-like face,

For which earth seemed no resting place.

They lov'd to gaze on the glad blue sky,

To list to the wild wood melody.

Oh! 'tis when viewed through the crystal springs,

Of young, untam'd, imaginings;

And only then earth wears the hue,

It wore when the first pair roam'd it through:

As thus they viewed, their day rolled on,

Some new bliss shining o'er every one.

* * * * *

How quickly in a southern clime,

The hours will glide unmarked by time:

Lovely the sound of the soft guitar,

In the orange groves of the climes afar;

But the land I left—its bowers shaded

Forms which ne'er from memory faded,

And when again I hailed that land,

My first thought was of their smiles so bland:

I could not rest for the three so fair—

And they soon were sought, and found—but where?

There was an aged and broad oak tree,

They had played around in infancy;

Now its foliage waved o'er a place of death—

Two sisters calmly slept beneath;

And one, was laid in a marble tomb,

Afar from those who had watch'd her bloom.

'Tis true I once had heard the tale,

Of how young Marian's cheek grew pale,

From the hour her lover left the shore,

The dark north-ocean to explore—

Of how her bodings were not vain—

He never reached that shore again.

But she looked so calm, when it passed awhile,

Reflecting each fond sister's smile

So blandly—that, I could not trow

The canker-worm was at work below.

Rosalie wept, her tears were dried,

By a stately youth who bore his bride

Far from the scenes that would recall

The lost loved one, to his own fair hall;

And she was fondly cherished there—

A fairy form, worshipped where'er

Her footsteps strayed, for the dazzling glow

Of her wit, and her mirth's wild joyous flow;

But she too passed—the lofty tomb

Records the fate of her bright bloom:

The morn to her arms her first-born gave—

The night, saw her rob'd for the silent grave.

And she the last young lonely one,

Oh! how they watched her every tone

And look, when first 'twas feared decay

Was aiming at so fair a prey.